Volume LXXII CHICAGO, DECEMBER 25, 1913 Number 17

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

I thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

And in despair I bowed my head:
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep;
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men."

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

—Henry W. Longfellow, 1863.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1913. NUMBER 17.

A Merry Day-after Christmas

WHEN this greeting reaches our readers, it will be "The day after the fair." The strain, excitement, the enthusiasm, aye, we hope the weariness and the reaction, will have passed. What will remain?

Let us hope, **a glorified vision of what is more worth while. It is a good time to check up our mistakes, to tabulate the wrong way of doing the right thing, to estimate the wastes of war, the foolishness of fashion, the tyranny of dress, the weariness of dogma.**

Let us hope, **courage and strength to lay fresh hold of the universalities of the Christmas message. A realization, found in the light of the Christmas Tree, that love is better than hate, service is better than power, fellowship is better than schism, the spirit than form, and the deed than the creed.**

May the Day-after Christmas bring the fullness of faith that rests on things common, that glories in the life that now is and makes resplendent the walks of earth. It is the time to bring the cloud-songs down to earth, to transform Judean shepherds into citizens of the United States, to take the wings off the angels and put them into walking shoes, broad soled, flat heeled, that will carry the wearers into the tasks and privileges that are counted by the days that lead to the Twenty-fifth day of December, 1914.

What a horrible un-Christmas picture is that given in the *Literary Digest,* in the December 20 issue, entitled "Up-to-date Warfare." It pictures the rebel army of Mexico mounted in a line of automobiles supplanting the old mule procession. How the bayonets belie the motor car! And how the triumph of these automobiles shames the man with the musket. The autos should carry these men to the ballot box, and not to the charging line.

Elizabeth Tilton, the energetic chairman of the Poster Campaign in the interest of temperance already mentioned in these columns, writes to the *Survey*:

> The letters that our alcohol poster campaign receives daily from Illinois show that that state is ready for a great fight against liquor. If it comes out prohibition, then let it be soft drinks, in great, plentiful, self-supporting recreation plants. If it is the abolition of heavy intoxicants, then let men drink their 2 per cent beer in municipal self-supporting recreation plants. If it is state ownership of the traffic, then again let it be served along with plentiful self-supporting municipal recreation.

Quincy, Illinois, by common consent, is to close its saloons and other drinking places on Sundays, beginning January 4th. The annual Regattas, which have been generally supported by bar-room and club-house profits, are to be abandoned. The interesting thing about all this is that the breweries, wholesale liquor dealers and saloon men, are in the movement. If there is ever a place for a legitimate saloon and if there is to be a law abiding drinking habit, as some good men believe, it behooves the saloonkeepers to lead in such reforms as these.

The Ladies of the Catholic Auxiliary of St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City, are coming to their senses under the leadership of Cardinal Farley. They have abandoned the usual dance in the interest of the hospital and are going to make a direct appeal for the money needed. If the newspaper is to be credited, there is to be a reorganization of church fairs, bazaars and Tango dances, as financial resources of schools, hospitals and other institutions of the Catholic Church and they are hereafter to be supported by direct contributions. This is not simply good morals but it is very good business. It is easier to raise the money. It will come more willingly. This is the testimony of one who has had forty years' experience in anti-bazaar financiering.

The Church of the Divine Unity, founded in 1672 in Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, has a "Liberal Thought" class, meeting in the church library on Sunday afternoons at 2:45 o'clock. The calendar for December announces among the topics assigned, a talk on "Three Singers of the Liberal Faith," J. W. Chadwick, W. C. Gannett and F. L. Hosmer, another topic is Emerson's Essay on "Self Reliance." The monthly calendar shows this church to be a busy center, but the announcements in black faced letters, as worthy of special attention, are concerned with the "bazaar," one session of which was to be opened by the sheriff of the town and another by Lady Baxter Ellis. We are sorry to note that this bazaar microbe has attacked the churches across the water. We have been in-

clined to believe that it was largely an American fallacy.

An interesting leaflet issued by the public library of Pomfret, Vermont, speaks of that institution as the "bridge along the old highway of public education" and prints attractively, without further note or comment, this word of our friend, Charles F. Dole, "For Noble Youth and for All Who Would Always Live in the Spirit of Youth."

We are here to serve the good, to find the good, to make it prevail, to overcome evil and change it to good. We are not here to get money; we can do better; we intend to do the work which makes money worth having. We are not here to seek pleasure; we can do better; we can find pleasure in making the good grow. We are not here for honors or office or men's thanks or praise. We wish the reality; we live to bring good things to pass. To have a hand in accomplishing them is reward enough.

We appeal to the children at school: do your best; apply your will to your tasks; fit yourselves to be honest workers, and helpers of men. We appeal to our youth: make good for all that you cost; pour out your energy; be of use, wherever you are; do not ask what we shall get, but what can we do. We appeal to the weak and the ill and the weary and the defeated: take a new hold on life; give what you have for the good; smile again on the world; and die if you must, with your face to the front. To do good is to enter into the current of the Eternal Life.

The misfortune of the public school children of Chicago represented in the lamentable embroglio reveals a degree of political obtuseness on the part of the public mind, as well as public officials, that would be humorous were it not frought with so much mischief. The four members of the Board whose resignations have been accepted by the Mayor, because they had failed to justify his reasonable expectations of them, are going to contest the claim to their seats, because, according to their own confession, their resignations were duly signed before their nominations had been conferred by the Common Council. They propose by legal processes to prove themselves defaulters, and this action seems to be accepted by the newly elected superintendent and his friends, and some reputable lawyers who have undertaken their case, as being perfectly legitimate. Indeed they seem to consider it an imperative move in the interest of the schools as well as of the self respect of the parties! What pitiable low standards are here. Here are men who are perfectly willing to enter into the high responsibilities on conditions that once in they refuse to accept, and are taking legal action to prove their own signatures meant nothing. The nominations of the Mayor, who fills these "vacancies," reveal that he is still a victim of the same political short-sightedness. The names mentioned are strange and unfamiliar even to the intelligent in Chicago. The credentials urged in their justification are not that they have been identified with the educational work in any way, not that they are students of pedagogy, but rather that they are in the Carpener's Union, the Polish, Jewish, Swedish or other foreign communities, which must be recognized. Hence the nomination of those who are the representatives of the carpenters, Poles, Jews or Scandinavians, though their relations to the public schools of America and their special training on pedagogical lines be a negligible quantity. Thus the great public school system of Chicago is, according to this theory, subjected to the final arbitrament of a board of twenty-one unpaid, unskilled men, men selected for geographical, racial and political reasons, primarily, honesty and intelligence, secondarily. Such humiliating confusions as are being experienced in Chicago are liable to occur at any time until there is some change in the method of selecting the Board of Education. Efficiency calls for a great reduction of the number of the same, and a respectable compensation to the members thereof; the Board to be presided over by the Superintendent of Public Instruction who would be ex-officio president of the same, entitled to the rights of a president. Such an organization would carry with it its dangers, but they would be far less than those which now belong to the political machine, organized in the City of Chicago under the most favorable conditions.

UNITY has always delighted in whatever evidence comes of a higher life and ethical nobility to be found in extra-Christian literature and countries. The sacred scripture of the Hindus contains much inspiring material, and it becomes the part of the Christian missionaries to follow the example of Sir William Jones and his successors in trying to discover the same and to cultivate an appreciation thereof by western peoples. But this should not blind our eyes to the horrible burden of superstition, caste tyranny and unethical absurdity, born out of the psychological vagaries to be found in the vast, benighted realms of India. The camera tells no lies, the sun is an honest reporter, and the *National Geographic Magazine* is an impartial and an unbiased witness. The gruesome pictures that illustrate seventy-three pages of the December number of this magazine are the most powerful missionary appeals we have noted for many a year. The men and women and the poor little children pictured here are born to a spiritual darkness and ethical blindness. They do not need to be saved from any hypoethetical Hell in the next life, for if immolation, self sacrifice, meditation and spiritual anxiety will save, a just God will reward them, by making the self selected, or, rather, the inherited hell, to which they submit themselves in this life, a sufficient atonement. But these people need redemption in time and on the earth. They need to know the cleansing power of warm water and plenty of soap; to have the redemption that comes from adequate food and the joy that comes from the application of steam and electricity, and the revelations that come through the printed page. Let our Missionary Societies spread

the good work that goes with the spelling book, and lift from these poor shoulders the weight of the cross with which for theological reasons they have already burdened themselves. O, the pictures are horrible, how much more horrible to think that all of them are taken from actual life. Let our missionaries be doubled, only so they devote themselves to the enlightenment of the ignorant, the application of science that will lift the burden of superstition from these poor, over-devout, super-religious victims of conservatism. Surely India is the land of contradiction. Apropos of these pictures the notice in the *Dial* for December 16th, is significant of two books by women, reporting the present conditions of things in India, presenting views from opposite extremes. Sister Nivedita (Margaret E. Noble), a convert of Swami Vivekananda, shows the upper side of Hindu life. She dwells on the serenity, mysticism, and profundaties of the modern Hindu faith; the other writer reveals the tyranny that blights and darkens the lives of women and children, the horrible burden of caste and the disgraceful treatment of the child-widows. Both of these books are true. Both writers are veracious and it becomes the unbiased mind to believe them both. It becomes a missionary duty and a problem of civilization how to conserve the higher life of India and remove by transformation the lower life.

The Christmas Spirit versus the Christmas Trade

It is safe to predict that the State Street establishments in Chicago will report, after it is all over with, that the Christmas trade was the heaviest yet, and perhaps the same papers that convey this information will the next day report the constantly extending line of the unemployed. Before and after Christmas, we are informed that "business is very bad," "prospects gloomy," "money scarce," etc. And the high cost of living is being discussed from the women's clubs to the Presidential Cabinet. The retailers, wholesalers, middle-men, and producers will have their gruesome tales and will be subject to more gruesome complaints. The prices of butter, milk, potatoes, eggs, etc., will be discussed by anxious philanthropists and hard pressed business men.

Where did the money come from that swells the receipts of the State Street retailers, at Christmas time, and what is the food, clothing or inspirational value of the same? Is there a *quid pro quo* spiritually or physically for this tremendous outlay of human strength, tension of nerve, and depletion of pocketbook.

Year by year this question grows more pertinent. Year by year the Christmas spirit is menaced by the Christmas trade. Things that before Christmas are pronounced "pretty," and supposed to be laden with pleasure-giving qualities, after Christmas become "clutter" and "junk," or at least troublesome bric-a-brac, to be dusted, cared for, and sooner or later to be relegated by accident or neglect to the rubbish heap.

Is there no "balm in Gilead" for this spiritual malady? The over-giving to our extended selves; i. e., *our* dear ones, *our* particular friends and an attendant hardening of the heart to the miseries of other peoples' dear ones and other peoples' friends who live on the opposite side of the street, or in the alley.

There is no panacea that will cure or reduce the Christmas fever except that which travels along these two lines:

One, the magnifying of the non-commercial counters of life. The joys of the pack of Santa Claus can never be computed by the cost of the articles therein. How many of the *over-toyed* children of our city homes miss the exquisite joy and the continuous sweetening, that came to many who are still alive, in the old Christmas stocking, much darned, that held a new pair of mittens, home-made, one rosy apple, a luscious whopping fried cake, home-made, and a gorgeously striped stick of candy. It was all there,—the home love, the surprise, the self-denial, the Christmas spirit!

The second line of correction must come from widening the boundaries of the home, extending the sense of "our own," opening the doors of our hearts to the neighborhood, the city, the big world of which we were a part. "Home" is too noble a word, it stands for too great a loyalty to be used to confine and destroy the angel's song of "Peace on earth and good will to men." The Christmas tree is being taken out of the home and the church, outside of any walls where it is a menace to life and purse, and is being erected in the parks and in the public squares of our towns and villages. The Christmas tree in Grant Park, Chicago, was a prophetic thing. The pity of it is, that it drew a crowd so large that it was a menace to life, limb and morality. Chicago instead of having one municipal tree ought to have had five hundred light-bearing centers of attraction. It is cheering to know that the Choir of the Paulist Fathers invested the municipal tree in Grant Park with melody from the top of a skyscraping building in the neighborhood.

The Lincoln Center invited the neighboring churches, as well as the boys and the girls and parents that love it as a home center, to join in singing carols on the streets on Christmas eve, with bugle accompaniment. Everybody was invited. Let the Municipal Christmas trees that are being multiplied, provoke municipal caroling, municipal cheer, more municipal good will, and perhaps the pagan tyranny of the Christmas *trade* will give way more and more to the Christmas *spirit* which is "Peace on earth and good will to men."

ALWAYS CHRISTMAS.

Used to think that Christmas was nothin' but a day
To get a lot o' presents an' to give a lot away.
Shouted "Merry Christmas!" an' helped to trim the tree—
Just a day o' Christmas was all that I could see.
Since I found that Christmas is more than any day,
Christmas came to our house—an' never went away.

Struck me of a sudden that friendliness and cheer
Was meant to be on duty more than one day in the year!
If we're happy Christmas, why not the day before,
An' the day that follows, an' so on, evermore?
Got to thinkin' of it—an' that is why I say
Christmas came to our house—an' never went away.

Lots of us go ploddin' along the road o' life
An' think one day o' gladness will make up for all the strife—
But the Christmas spirit can show you how you need
To make each day a Christmas in thought an' word an' deed—
Used to pack the kindness in camphor balls next day
Till Christmas came to our house—an' never went away.

We just keep on givin' to strangers an' to kin
An' find that what is goin' out is always comin' in;
Makes the sunshine brighter where we've got to live
To learn that givin' 's keepin' what you keep you give,
Holly in December, an' violets in May—
An' Christmas came to our house—an' never went away.

Used to think that Christmas was nothin' but a date
Till I learned that truly you would never have to wait,
But that it's the spirit that never stays apart
If you let it find you, an' keep it in your heart.
Since I found that Christmas is more than just a day
Christmas came to our house—an' never went away!

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

The Churches and the Peace Movement

The *World Peace Foundation* has issued the following statement addressed to the churches:

Rev. Edward Everett Hale declared a few years before his death that every church today should have among its various committees a special Committee on International Justice, to keep the great world issues and duties of the time carefully before its congregation; he said that the modern church which did not somehow fulfill this function failed to realize its opportunity and its obligation. Such a committee was created in his own church; and a Peace and Arbitration Committee was established as one of the regular committees of the Department of Social and Public Service of the Unitarian body, to bring the urgent international interests to the attention of the churches of the denomination.

The National Unitarian Conference, at its session in Buffalo, in October, 1913, adopted unanimously the following resolutions, emphasizing anew the duty of all the churches to support earnestly the movement for international justice and friendship:

"WHEREAS the existence of war as a means of settling disputes between nations is a relic of barbarism, and it should be the work of all churches professing a belief in the teachings of Christ to abolish war,—

Resolved, That this Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches does hereby strongly recommend that each church belonging to it should, through its social service committee or a specially appointed peace committee of men and women keep the congregation informed regarding the peace movement. It should co-operate with any local peace society and similar peace committees appointed by other local churches, to the end that public opinion in their respective communities may be aroused.

"*Resolved*, That the American Unitarian Association be requested through its department of social service to use its best efforts to have the recommendations in this resolution become effective."

The National Congregational Council, meeting in Kansas City in October, immediately after the Unitarian Conference at Buffalo, adopted similarly the following strong declaration, urging all the churches of that great body to resolute and systematic service in the war against war and the present monstrous armaments of the nations:

"The Congregational Churches of the United States, confessing anew their allegiance to the Prince of Peace and desirous of making the Christian Church the foremost peacemaker of the world, desire to place on record their disapproval of the present rivalry of Christian nations in creating colossal armies and navies, and to declare themselves the unflinching antagonists of all who by word or deed fan the flames of racial prejudice or disseminate the seeds of international ill will.

"Believing that our Republic both by situation and tradition is peculiarly fitted to lead the nations into the paths of peace, we appeal to our President and Congress to call a halt in the swelling expenditures for the paraphernalia of war, and exhort our pastors and teachers to keep before the public mind the evils and perils of militarism, to explain and defend the cause of arbitration and to work in season and out of season for the advancement of world-wide brotherhood.

"We heartily commend the work of the International Conference in its program for the commemoration of the first century of peace between the United States and Great Britain, and recommend that in all our churches exercises be held which shall swell the significance and influence of the celebration."

In connection with this significant action by these two national conferences, it is important to remember that the Federal Council of Churches, representing more than twenty of the religious denominations of the United States, has its special peace department, which has already instituted important activities and is constantly broadening its work. It arranged for addresses in thirty thousand churches in support of President Taft's arbitration treaties. An illustration of what may be done by the churches of a single city is afforded by Buffalo, N. Y., where more than twenty of the leading churches of the city have affiliated with the local peace society, each church appointing its special peace committee of five members, which committees are co-operating heartily to promote the peace movement. A similar organization should be effected by the churches in all the cities of the country, to arrange union meetings, to spread peace literature, and to bring public opinion to bear upon Congress. The World Peace Foundation desires to co-operate with every such organization in every possible way.

WORLD PEACE FOUNDATION.
40 *Mt. Vernon St., Boston.*

Forest Notes

The forest products laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin, has made 4,000 tests on the strength of American woods.

The gathering and selling of acorns is a new industry, in Arkansas, to supply eastern nursery firms with material for forest planting.

Thirty different wood preservatives are in commercial use in the United States; many of them utilize creosote of one sort or another; others require chemical salts.

THE PULPIT

The Eternally-Womanly

A Series of Six Sermons

Preached at

THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones

III.

Hypatia—The Woman Sage

November 23, 1913

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

We, children of the golden grain, children of the golden sunshine, give thanks this morning to Thee, the bountiful Father. For the rich garniture of garden and orchard, of field and of forest, we give thanks. For the holier fruitage of fireside, the nobler wealth of the family, the high fruitage of the heart, we give thanks. For the still higher soul fruitage that bears the apples of heroic deeds; for the wealth of self-denial; for those achievements of conscience that make rich the glories of history, upon which thy struggling, stumbling, tender children may feed and renew their strength and refresh their souls.

For this season of Thanksgiving, Father, that takes note of the autumnal wealth, of family joys, of national prosperity, we give thanks. We pray, Father, that the Thanksgiving season may so enrich our hearts that we may become conscious of that greater board around which thou dost gather all thy children. Greek, barbarian, Jew and Scythian, all are welcome around thy Thanksgiving board. For the larger fellowship, for the nobler purposes, for the higher aim and the broader vision we give thanks this morning. Amen.

SERMON.

The Fifth Century of the Christian era has been described by Charles Kingsley as "A very hideous but a very great century." It was the century in which the classic world died and the modern world was born. The century in which the culture of Egypt and Greece faded away, passing over the high bridge of Roman compromise and concession into what we call modern civilization, and sometimes boast of as the "Christian era." The capital of this complex century was Alexandria, the great melting-pot of Europe and Asia. Never at any other point, or, at any other time, not even in our own Chicago and in our own day, was there such a mixing of forces, such an assembling of contending and diversified energies. Alexandria was the half way house between the old and new. At Alexandria, Abraham and Helen were wedded and brought forth a progeny neither Judean nor Greek. In Alexandria, during these ages, Plato and Paul, Sokrates and Jesus, Isis and the Virgin Mary, Euripides and Isaiah, contended with each other. And it could not be determined at this particular point in the history of the world which was triumphant, so did the lines over lap and inter-weave.

Kingsley, in his "Hypatia," has analyzed some of the dominant forces that seethed in and around Alexandria in this fifth century. There was wealth, aggressive, accumulative, speculative wealth. There was political power gathering around the cruel ruler Orestes and his representatives in a way that seems strangely modern, so like our own times. And there was art and philosophy and some new thing, instituting itself in formulas, in ceremonies and institutions, called Christianity.

In the dreary desert country around Alexandria half the population was monastic. At this time home ties and home associations were under suspicion. It was claimed that the holy life was possible only by isolating oneself from the joys and the privileges of this mundane life with its opportunities and pleasures. If we could look more closely into Alexandrian life in the first quarter of the fifth century we would see at least three or four prominent personalities standing out in striking outlines.

First, occupying the front of the stage, was Cyril, an aggressive, pugnacious, dogmatic Christian, the archbishop of Alexandria, who fought for his bishopric, who contended with his rivals, who exiled and tried to demolish all the heresies around him, and to him all was heresy that did not conform to his own theological opinions. He inspired the bitter contentions that ended in blood-letting mobs between the Jews and the Christians. He justified, if he did not lead, the first horrible attempt to rid the city of Jewish residents. A pogram, before Russia was, here was mob violence which was more drastic, more sweeping, more unwarranted, perhaps, than anything that has stained the record of the Church of the Nazarene, in its treatment of the Jew, from that time to this, barring the Spanish inquisition.

The Alexandria founded by Alexander and his immediate followers was hospitable to religions, not religion; it gave welcome to the representatives of all faiths. Perhaps no other city of the period was so free from anti-Semitism as Alexandria in the golden days just preceding the era we are studying this morning.

It was in Alexandria that the Jew reached his maximum of intellectual creative power. There were more Jews in Alexandria than in Jerusalem and more Hebrew philosophers in Alexandria than in Judea. Those of you who wait upon my Tuesday morning and Friday night classes are beginning to realize, and will realize more fully before the end of the year, how fertile was Alexandria in Jewish brains and how productive was that Greco-Jewish culture which supplemented our Old Testament with a little Bible that ought to be respected and revered, found sandwiched between the Old and New Testaments. The Apochyphal books, in the main, represent the inspirations and traditions of Jewry written in the language of Homer and Sokrates. It is an attempt to combine the genius of Greece with the prophetic gift of Judea. It is a composite that represents high morality and pure theism.

Cyril the dogmatist, Cyril the impassioned, aggressive ecclesiastic, disturbed this growth and made of Alexandria a seething home of discord and violence, a mixture of brutality and philosophy. It was, as I have just said, the meeting ground of the old and the new, the greatest melting pot in history.

Over and beyond this militant ecclesiastic we see, in mystic shadows, Theon, the Greek mathematician, a maker of astrolabes,—the primitive astronomical instruments of the time. He was a philosopher, touched with the beauty and power of Greek philosophy, and, what is better, touched with the open mind and investigating spirit which Aristotle practiced and which Plato taught. But Theon, the mathematician, fades into obscurity in the presence of his more brilliant daughter, Hypatia, the accomplished woman who ignored the conventions and defied the limitations of the new monastic culture of the nuns and monks. She became a lecturer on philosophy, a representative of

the Platonic school, herself a mathematician and a friend of mathematicians.

Let us realize that we are dealing with no imaginary characters, drawn from the pages of an historical novel, however interesting or reliable Charles Kingsley's story may be. Let me read you from the history of Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian who lived in this very century, and perhaps wrote within twenty-five years of the tragedy which we are considering. Socrates was a churchman and wrote in the interest of Christianity. He says:

> There was a lady in Alexandria, by name Hypatia, daughter of the philosopher Theon. She advanced to such a point of mental culture as to surpass all the philosophers of her age, and to receive the office of lecturer in the Platonic school, of which Plotinus had been the founder, and there expound all philosophic learning to any who were desirous of it. Students of philosophy came from all quarters to hear her. The dignified freedom of speech, which her training had implanted in her, enabled her to appear even before the public magistrates with entire modesty; none could feel ashamed to see her stationed in the midst of men. She was reverenced and admired even the more for it, by reason of the noble temperance of her disposition. This then was the woman upon whom malicious envy now made its attack. She was wont to have frequent communications with Orestes (the Prefect); this aroused enmity against her in the church community. The charge was that it was through her that Orestes was prevented from entering upon friendly relations with the Bishop (Cyril). Accordingly some passionate fanatics, led by Peter the Reader, conspired together and watched her as she was returning home from some journey, tore her from her chariot and dragged her to the church called Cæsarium; there they stripped her and killed her with oyster shells, and, having torn her to pieces, gathered together the limbs to a placed called Cinaron and consumed them with fire. This deed occasioned no small blame to Cyril and the Alexandrian Church; for murders, fightings and the like are wholly alien to those who are minded to follow the things of Christ.

And, added the sage and wise historian:

> This event happened in the fourth year of the episcopate of Cyril, in the consulships of Honorius (for the tenth time) and Theodosius (for the sixth time), in the month of March, at the season of the fast (i. e., March, A. D. 415).

Let Hypatia, then, this gracious woman, beautiful as she was talented, reported almost by a contemporary in the words I have given you, stand as one type of woman which I am considering with you in this series of sermon-studies of typical women. She stands to the intelligent always as a splendid type of the thinking woman, a woman whose brains dominated and directed her heart. She stands at the head of that long line of women who have changed the epithet "strong minded" into a high compliment. Let no term of reproach be given to a woman given to independent thinking and capable of leadership.

Hypatia stands not alone. But it is not for me this morning to call the long roll of the women of history who rose above the limitations of sex, and forgot their womanhood in their humanity. Women who have sunk deep the plummets of their investigations into that subsoil which is neither male nor female, but human.

Aspasia was a scholar, the worthy companion of Pericles. The two great creative eras in the history of English culture and literature bear the names of women. Not by accident do the Elizabethan and Victorian ages represent the high water mark of England's creative power. Anyone who studies in detail these ages will find there the companions of Hypatia, those who deserve as a compliment and not a sneer, the epithet "strong minded." Strong minded! Heaven forgive those who use that epithet unworthily. Do they covet the opposite epithet, "weak-minded," as a compliment to women?

Florence Nightingale, Harriet Martineau, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, George Eliot, Caroline Herschel, Mary Somerville, and the rest of them, belong to the sisterhood of women who have distinguished themselves by their brain power.

One of the interesting books in my library is entitled "The Daughters of the Puritans," in which there are graphic stories of Caroline Sedgwick, Mary L. Ware, Lydia Maria Child, Dorothy L. Dix, Margaret Fuller, Ossoli, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Louise M. Alcott and others.

Let us stop for a moment and look at some of these women who have merited the great honor of being entitled thinkers, women with brains! Lydia Maria Child is credited by T. W. Higginson with having written the first novel of the Puritan times; the first American anti-slavery book; the first publication for children and the first work on comparative religions,—a title not then known. To this day the latter book challenges the admiration of scholars. She led the way to rich mines of spiritual lore that have been well worked by her successors.

Margaret Fuller was the intellectual companion of Emerson, the literary critic of the New York *Tribune* in its most golden days under Horace Greeley. Whatever was most excellent in American literature in that period found place in the columns of the *Tribune;* and that period is still the Golden Age of American letters. Margaret Fuller was at the head of that column of pilgrims who "traveled from the idolatrous world of creed and ritual to the temple of the living God in the soul," says one of her biographers.

Dorothy Dix was the emancipator of the unfortunate, the guardian of the insane, an angel to those in prison. She dealt not with the prejudices of men and of women but with the revelation of destiny.

Oh, it is an inspiring list, that of women who are entitled to a place among the thinkers of the world; and, on occasion among the heroic leaders, in that only battle that is complimentary to men and women, the battle for ideas, in the call of principle, in the struggle of the spirit for the powers that can control the physical forces of the world.

Hypatia stands as a representative of the neglected and too little appreciated martyrs of science, heroes of thought and explorers in the realms of nature. Giordano Bruno, Galileo, Copernicus, and Hugo Grotius, writing his peace tracts in prison, are the spiritual descendants, and to a degree the spiritual children, of the virgin philosopher of Alexandria. They demonstrated that the heroes who have dared for truth, outside the pale of church and under the condemnation of ecclesiasticism, deserve a high place in the calendar of saints, yet to be compiled, by an interpreter not of Christian or of Jew, but of the humanity which produced both Christian, Jew and Pagan.

Brains, brains and more brains is the achievement of woman as well as of man. It is the glory of the human. Emotion undirected by brain becomes sentimentality and oftentimes works for debility. It breeds silliness, it defeats the purposes of the wise and retards the car of progress. But when emotion is directed by brain, harnessed to wisdom, when the heart is directed by wisdom, then, and not until then, do the surface lines between men and women fade and they

become, at last, members of that fraternity that demands the common gender,—the lack of which in the English language I have deplored. Head is the only antidote for silliness, the only remedy for extravagance, the only curb for the vaulting ambitions that so poison the life of men and women, that so debauch what we call society, and so disgrace the state.

Herbert Spencer, in one of his last books, tells of how one day he called upon Huxley, and found him at work in his laboratory. He was greeted at the door by the great experimenter with—"You are just the man I want to see. I have something to show you upstairs." He showed him the brain of a porpoise, saying: "Here is something that spoils your theory and mine. We have tried to establish the relation between the size and texture of brain and the intelligence of the animal. Here is an animal that has a largely developed brain of fine texture but of low intelligence. He is simply a porpoise." Herbert Spencer says that for the time being he was staggered and went away with the explanation unfound. Afterwards it came to him. The porpoise is the most active of all fish, the most sportive resident of the deep water. Anyone who has crossed the ocean under favorable circumstances has seen the dolphins skip like lambs in the meadow and play hide-and-go-seek with one another. The great interpreter of evolution said the explanation was obvious. It takes brain to create emotion. It takes a highly developed brain system to energize life and to enter into the comradeship that is represented by the phrase "social play." So if we go back into the biological realm, we find that brain, more brain and the use of brain, is still the need of men and women, still the glory of the human. This is the only panacea that will relieve from the absurdities, the wastages, the extravagances and the indulgences of life, which have stained the centuries from Hypatia to this day. The only social curative is thought. The only emotions and sentiments that are to be trusted in men or women are those that are directed by the ruling pilot, reason, whose citadel is the brain.

The church hastened in ways that scholars have not been able to trace, to correct the awful Hypatia blunder,—if we call it nothing worse. It tried to atone for this awful crime. Hypatia was broken and torn to pieces by oyster shells, and the dismembered limbs thrown into the incinerary and burned with the rubbish of Alexandria, in the first part of the fifth century. Six hundred years later there appears in the annals of the church the story of a new saint, St. Catherine of Alexandria, whose origin is obscure if not lost. But in the traditions of the church St. Catherine of Alexandria was a women of power, a teacher of science, a friend of philosophers. On the rostrum she was able to confound all the enemies of Christianity. The Emperor sent his emissaries to her to suppress and silence her, but she converted them. The Queen herself was sent, she converted the Queen. This so enraged the mythical Emperor back there in a mythical age, that he ordered Catherine, the inspired thinker, the Christian missionary, to be broken on the wheel, but the wheel to which she was consigned with the saws and the pincers and knives that were to torture her, refused to take part in such atrocious barbarity and was miraculously broken.

Whereupon the Emperor ordered her to be beheaded. Then there appeared a band of angels and bore her body to the top of Mt. Sinai and buried it where Moses received his revelations, and over her grave was built the monastery that has existed even to this day. So we find in St. Catherine of Alexandria a transformed Hypatia. The church has appropriated the story of the pagan philosopher and clothed it with Christian legends; and St. Catherine's wheel has survived in the round window that illuminates the foreheads of our churches, from the historic cathedrals of Europe to the last pine chapel erected on the Methodist circuit on the out-rim of the Dakotas.

Was this story of St. Catherine unconsciously appropriated from the story of Hypatia? Was the wheel upon which Catherine was immolated a transformation of the cruel fate by which Hypatia, the pagan philosopher, was torn to pieces? The Church has at least canonized the story of the woman who won saintship by her power of thought, by her skill in philosophy, by her great learning.

See how our story blooms into sermon material. The St. Catherine window is the Church's unconscious and tardy apology to Hypatia, the gracious teacher of philosophy, the woman of science.

What then is the conclusion of the whole matter? This at least—the power of thought is no prerogative of the masculine. The gift of reason has not been withheld from women. Furthermore, no grace, accomplishment, beauty or skill is praiseworthy in man or woman that is not held by the leash of reason, that does not stand the test of judgment. Sooner or later, all our accomplishments, our extravagances, our shows and parades and ambitions will be summoned before the court of reason, which, in the last analysis, is an attempt to weigh things, not according to the prejudices of men or the preferences of women, but according to the balances of the Eternal. The justice of the balances can, to a degree, be ascertained by the student of the forces of nature and the verdict of history.

Hypatia does not stand over against Rizpah, whom I used as a type of primitive motherhood; nor does she stand over against Boadicea, the Militant Woman of last Sunday. She would have discharged the duties of motherhood more fully than Rizpah because she had a larger brain. She would have been able to contend for the rights of the Britons and for the dignity and purity of her kin more successfully than the heroic Boadicea, because she would have carried arms more mighty than pike or broad-sword.

The assumed antagonism between brain and service, between what we call the head and what we call the heart, the ideal and the practical, is not borne out in any department of history. Lydia Maria Child, a pioneer in the department of universal religion, was the author of a book entitled "The Frugal Housewife," dedicated "To those who are not ashamed to economize." That book passed through twenty editions in seven years, and for thirty-six years it averaged nearly an edition a year. "The Frugal Housewife" was born out of her studies in thrift, in a cottage where she and her husband made a meager living while she attended to the chickens and he experimented with beet-root sugar. There then followed from her pen "The Mother's Book," which passed through eight American, twelve English editions and one German edition. But the woman who scored such a success with her "Frugal Housewife" was the one that published the first "Juvenile Miscellany," which ran successfully for eight

years. And she was also the woman who in 1833 wrote the "Appeal on behalf of the class of Americans called Africans." This, Colonel Higginson calls the first publication in the cause of anti-slavery. He tells how it came into the hands of a lawyer in Boston, who afterward became the Attorney-General of Massachusetts, who threw it out of the window with a pair of tongs. The Athenæum, the pride of Boston, the center of its culture, withdrew from her the privileges of the library, which hertofore she had enjoyed by virtue of her authorship, because she had written this bad book, and her "Juvenile Miscellany" died for want of subscribers.

This was the nineteenth century wheel upon which an American Hypatia was to be broken. But the old story is repeated to the finish in this later parallel. By his own confession, this book of Maria Child converted Dr. Channing to the cause of anti-slavery. Dr. John G. Palfrey, a Unitarian preacher, subsequent historian of New England, who had come by inheritance through marriage into possession of a plantation in Louisiana, promptly emancipated his slaves after reading this book. Again, by his own confession, the book of a woman, this American Hypatia, changed the entire career of the young sprig of New England aristocracy, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who from the reading of that book gave himself to the cause of liberty and reform. He won the title of Colonel by leading to battle in the cause of freedom the first colored regiment recognized by the government. So powerful is brain that it can ennoble the home, grapple with domestic problems, and still remain in the company of the immortals and in the service of the Eternal.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, another Hypatia, wrote her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," much of it, in the kitchen with seven children around her, when her husband was getting only a thousand dollars a year salary as professor in Bowdoin College. But this book on a hated subject, in the hating time, brought to this woman, doing her own work in the kitchen, ten thousand dollars in royalty, at 10 per cent, in four months. Three editions were called for in the first ten days. Three hundred thousand copies were sold the first year. Eighteen British editions were published in that year. It is estimated that one and a half million copies were sold in England in one year. It was translated into nineteen different languages. Hypatia this time came to her reward, receiving in the nineteenth century a richer reception than in the tenth.

Maragret Fuller, the object of shallow criticism and flippant ridicule, the proverbial "blue-stocking" of New England, when washed ashore from the shipwreck that put out her life before she was fifty, was clutching her babe to her breast. Motherhood was vindicated in her, perhaps the most brainy, and probably the most learned woman, America has yet produced.

So I close my study of Hypatia with a plea for the dominance of reason in all the problems that beset us. This is the ultimate test of every reform and of every reformer. Every deviation from the line of reason is a contribution to the enemy. Any indignity offered to sober thought and deliberate judgment is an indignity to piety, an indignity to God, the giver of brain and the source of reason. So let us call insistently for more and still more brains. Let us study unceasingly the story of the thinkers; let us try to enthrone upon the altars of religion the most sacred of causes, the service of Reason, the devotions of judgment.

Father, help us to respect our brains, to cultivate reason, to abide by the judgments of the noble, through whose life and whose words thou dost reveal thyself to thy stumbling children. We thank thee Father, for the gift of reason. Help us to walk in its light that we may be of service in the cause of justice. Amen.

Kipling's Poetry

Goethe said that to lead a rational life one should, every day, read a great poem, see a great picture, and hear a great song. It is the fashion now, in many places, to disparage Kipling, and while it may be he often loses the key and gives us noise and not music, and while at times the river of his genius runs low, Kipling has written poems, I believe, that even Goethe would call great. Who, may I ask, has sung of the fields, of the sea, of man's battle with the land and the water so vividly as Kipling? Of the vast ocean and his "White Horses," has even Swinbume written more eloquently? Who has given us so many new and musical words or striking lines? And of the commonest things about us, is not Kipling our most eloquent singer?

May I for the busy readers of UNITY mention a few of Kipling's which, I think, merit immortality?

There are some critics who give preeminence to "Recessional," but while there are noble lines, the conception of God and the soul would hardly accord with that of the free spirits of our liberal faith.

"The White Man's Burden" does not give us splendor of imagery, but how many sentences there are that cut like swords.

"The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your gods and you."

"The Sons of Martha" is a tongue that the common people can understand, simple, yet eloquent. "The Wage Slaves" rises to true passion:

"Send us the men who do the work."

"The Mary Gloster" is a most dramatic monologue of a self-made millionaire. "McAndrew's Hymn" is the portrayal of a rare character in lines more vivid than those of Scott or Wordsworth. "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers" contains the oft-quoted line:

"There's never a law of God or man runs north of Fifty-three."

"The Ballad of East and West" was loved by the aged Tennyson. "To the True Romance," "The Flowers" and "The Prairie" contain a simple beauty rarely equalled.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE HEAVENLY ROAD.

There was no milky way of stars,
But just a field of green
With daisies by the pasture bars
All radiant and serene!

There were no angels in the air,
Nor raptured seraphs wise,
But up the noontide's sunlit stair
Trooped gorgeous butterflies!

There was no river of pure gold,
But dancing in the breeze
A laughing brook forever rolled
Beneath the arching trees!

There were no shining jasper walls,
Nor azure baldricked dome,
But just a house with friendly halls,
And quiet peace of home!

The Craftsman. —*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

Rabindranath Tagore

Mr. Rabindranath Tagore, of India, is called a "poet-philosopher." He gave a lecture in London on "The Problem of Evil," and a report of it was given in the *Westminster Gazette*.

Mr. Tagore says that "the wonder is not that there should be obstacles and sufferings, but that there should be law and order, beauty and joy in the world." And while he admits the "incalculable immensity" of evil he affirms it does not "effectually clog" the current in the great river of life, but that its waters flow on "sweet and pure" for human use. And he goes on to say that we attempt to represent "statically what is in motion," and that the "evil has to pass on and grow into good." He will not permit the "least evil to stop," for that would be fatal.

To these assertions the sceptic might reply that the distinction between what is "static" and what is in "motion" is quite fanciful, that many great currents are impure, and that cancer, consumption, the hook worm, epilepsy, not to mention other diseases, are evils "that stop with us" despite all that medical science can do; and to affirm that all evil is ever growing into good is a pretty big mouthful. No doubt Mr. Tagore is right when he says that man should not be saved trouble or difficulty; but why should he fall into that old delusion that "winter and pain" are necessary? Do my peaches ripen in the winter? Do the children of the slums come to a better life than those raised in loving homes?

Yes, Mr. Tagore, we will keep our "undying faith in the infinite," but we will not allow that the continuance of the coarse, the cruel, the ugly and the bad is necessary to develop the finer parts of manhood and womanhood. When the sky is a vault of purple splashed with gold, when the flowers are sweet and the fields are green and fertile; when our children grow up with strong and beautiful bodies, then we shall have happy hearts, growing minds and aspiring souls.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE STUDY TABLE

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- Threads of Grey and Gold, by Myrtle Reed, $1.50 net.
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University of Chicago Press:
- Christian Faith for Men of Today, by E. Albert Cook, $1.25 net.

D. Appleon & Co.:
- The Life of Jesus, by Alfred W. Martin, $1.50 net.

THE HOME

Helps To High Living

SUN.—O little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

—Phillips Brooks.

MON.—There's a soul in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

—J. G. Holland.

TUES.—No war, or battle sound,
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
* * * * *
But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.

—John Milton.

WED.—Christ was born on Christmas Day;
Wreath the holly, twine the bay;
Christus natus hodie.

—Of Swedish Origin.

THURS.—At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

—Thos. Tusser.

FRI.—Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm
So hallowed and gracious is the time.

—Shakespeare.

SAT.—And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

—St. Luke.

AT THE SIGN OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Ho, for the ancient hostelry,
Whose generous doors swing wide and free!
Whose guests, when the first snow crystals fall,
Gather within its spacious hall
From north and from south, and from west to east,
Big folks down to the very least,
Thronging, far as the eye can see,
To lodge at The Sign of the Christmas Tree.

The guests are known by their curious wiles,
Mysterious nods, and becks, and smiles;
There are secrets flying about by scores,
Smothered laughs behind fast-closed doors;
There's a noise of hammers, and tink of bells,
And whispered "Hushes," and soft "Don't tells."
O, a wonderful place for a mystery
Is the ancient Inn of the Christmas Tree!

There guests sit apart, and stitch and sew
On woven linen as white as snow;
Flowers bloom bright on silken fields,
And fresh surprises each moment yields.
And the room where they sit is like a dream,
Where scarlet berries of holly gleam;
And over the lintel, in gold is wrought
Its beautiful name of "Loving Thought."

And Peggy, and Polly, and Pete, and Prue,
With a dear little girl that looks like you,
A red-haired lass, and a blue-eyed lad,
Grandmother dear, and Mother, and Dad,

And hundreds of others all over the land,
Are working away with heart and hand,
Snipping and clipping, where none may see,
At the Merry Sign of the Christmas Tree.

But oh, dear people who long have been
Guests 'neath the roof of this pleasant inn,
Bethink, there are those who do not belong
To the work and fun, to the cheer and song!
Empty-handed and wistful-eyed,
They are out in the cold this Christmas-tide.
Tie up your parcels with ribbon gay;
Sprig them with green in the good old way;
Then, from your riches, where need is seen
Fill up the lives that are bare and lean.
So shall a gracious blessing be
Called down on The Sign of the Christmas Tree!

St. Nicholas. —*Pauline Frances Camp.*

A Christmas Message from St. Francis of Assisi

I would that on Christmas Day all men threw wheat and other grain outside the cities that our sister larks may have something to eat, also the other birds, on a day of such solemnity, and, for the reverence of the Son of God who rested on that night between an ox and an ass in the manger, whoever shall have an ox and an ass shall provide for them the best of good fodder; likewise on that day all poor men should be satisfied by the rich with good food.

Wanted—A Home

She who wanted the home was not an orphan, but a young woman of education, accomplishments and charming manners; in her own town she had been a valued member of a large social circle. So, when she went to work in a city a few hundred miles away, she was determined to enjoy her new home to the best of her ability.

But to her astonishment she could find no home. Boarding-houses there were in plenty, and pleasant looking houses with the sign, "Rooms for Rent," but the people were not willing to receive a stranger at their table or in their daily life. Finally she rang the bell of the last house upon her list. A pleasant faced woman met her and showed her a charming room, but when she asked about meals, shook her head. "We prefer not to give meals," she answered.

The young woman hesitated and then said, "I want a *home!*" Isn't there any place in this city where I can find one? I've lived in one all my life. I would do my part gladly. I can play, if you care for music; and I can do anything about a dinner, from decorations to coffee, if you ever need help. I can read aloud—can do anything. Won't you take me in?"

The frank and unusual plea was successful, and the door once open, the girl quickly won her place. But the incident is significant, for the difficulty of finding anything that deserves the name of home is one that confronts many girls in many cities.

Let not the seekers condemn too harshly those who hesitate to open the door. Money will always buy food and shelter, but a real home is never a matter of bargain. You must be born into it, or make it, or receive it as a gift. On the other hand, let the keepers of the door take heed lest they guard it too narrowly. The stranger who knocks may be the very one who will bring light and laughter and singing into vacant places that have long needed them.

Youths' Companion.

THE CHRIST CANDLE.

Little taper set to-night,
Throw afar thy tiny light
Up and down the darksome street,
Guide the tender, wandering feet
Of the darling Christ Child sweet.

He is coming in the snow,
As he came so long ago,
When the stars set o'er the hill,
When the town is dark and still,
Comes to do the Father's Will.

Little taper, spread thy ray,
Make his pathway light as day;
Let some door be open wide
For this guest of Christmastide,
Dearer than all else beside.

Little Christ Child, come to me,
Let my heart thy shelter be;
Such a home thou wilt not scorn,
So the bells on Christmas morn,
Glad shall ring, "A Christ is born!"

Kate Louise Brown,
In "Elsie's Guest."

Watching flying fish from a motor boat equipped with a powerful searchlight is a new form of amusement provided at Avalon, Catalina Islands, California, to rival its famous glass-bottomed boat in which tourists gaze at the animal and plant life in the water beneath them. A large electric searchlight mounted on the new craft attracts hundreds of flying fish from the ocean, as the boat goes through the darkness, and the passengers can watch them leaping from the water and skimming along ahead of the boat, silvery and dazzling in the bright light. The motor boat is 50 feet long and its searchlight receives its current from a dynamo belted to the flywheel of the engine. —*Popular Mechanics.*

A monument to the Pilgrim Fathers, erected at Southampton, England, in memory of the departure of the "Mayflower" for America on August 5, 1620, was unveiled on August 15. Ambassador Page represented the United States at the dedication. The tall stone shaft is crowned by a weather vane modeled after the little 180-ton ship in which the 102 venturesome pilgrims made the voyage of sixty-three days to America. The monument was erected at Southampton because it was from that port that the "Mayflower" and her sister ship, the "Speedwell," first set sail for America. A few days later both put into Plymouth Harbor and the "Mayflower" sailed away alone on September 6, 1620.—*Popular Mechanics.*

HIS GIFT.

Purties' li'l feller,
Wid dem eyes er his;
What he give his mammy?
Nuthin' but a kiss!
Dat enough for Christmas?
Mammy say it is!
All he got to give her—
Chris'mus is a kiss!
Purties' li'l feller—
Dat's des what he is!
Bless de li'l heart er him—
Givin' all a kiss!

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

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ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

DR. MONTESSORI'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

Dr. Maria Montessori arrived from Italy for her first visit to America on December third. She plans to utilize her short stay to the utmost by studying our conditions and systems of education, and investigating the progress of her own students here. Although there is a great demand to hear her speak, she will be able to deliver only a scant dozen lectures, but in order to allow as many as possible to hear them, the largest halls in the great cities of the East have been engaged. Motion pictures show her schools in operation, and an interpreter will be present, as Dr. Montessori does not speak English.

Many invitations for personal visits have been received, but Dr. Montessori's time will be so full that she has been obliged to refuse nearly every one, with the exception of President Wilson and Thomas A. Edison. On her return to Rome Dr. Montessori expects to establish a "pedagogical laboratory" in which children will be under instruction and observation for a period of ten years, thus giving her an opportunity to perfect her methods and extend them to older pupils. Any funds derived from the lectures will be devoted to this laboratory.

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP IN GERMANY.

Thus far in the present year forty thousand persons have seceded from the State Protestant Church of Germany, and it is predicted that the loss for the whole year will number two hundred thousand. But this news, while it is bad enough, is not as bad as it sounds! This defection is not religious, but ecclesiastical. These hundreds of thousands are quitting the state church because of what they consider the injustice of the taxes for the support of the church. Twenty per cent of the income tax is levied for the support of the church, and is forcibly collected, even to the extent of selling the goods of the worshiper, until all demands are satisfied. The only remedy is withdrawal from the church. The genius of Protestanism is outraged by such a policy. A voluntary faith, supported by voluntary offerings, into which enters always the willing and consecrated heart—that is the true spirit of evangelical Christianity.

The Methodist Recorder.

THE COMING OF THE BETTER DAY IN HUMAN SOCIETY.

We have much for which to be thankful. The new social spirit is being made concrete in varied and striking forms. The churches are aroused to the opportunity and the denominations are finding a common ground of unity in social action.

There is a better understanding on the part of the churches of the problems and viewpoints of organized labor and a kindlier feeling for the church on the part of labor.

At Kansas City a joint meeting of our churches and the Central Labor Council was held on Sunday afternoon during the sessions of the National Council. A labor man paid a glowing tribute to Dr. Gladden, and a resolution was unanimously passed thanking him and expressing the love and gratitude of the ranks of labor for his long years of service and championship of the cause of labor.

Women now have the right to vote in ten states—Illinois, being the last state to place her name on the roll of hónor.

A bitter street car strike has been settled in Indianapolis recently through the efforts of the governor, and the company have found that they do have something to arbitrate. The churches and ministers were a factor in helping to settle the dispute. The questions involved were unjust wages and unfair conditions.

A State Labor Bureau has been established by the typographical unions of California for the equal distribution of labor of this craft throughout the state.

The Westinghouse Airbrake Company of Pittsburgh, Pa., has widened the scope of its present pension system so that after Jan. 1, not only employes will receive the benefit, but the wives and families of the employes also.

A new Minnesota law requires the safeguarding of all machinery.

This last year a little more than $15,000,000 has been paid out by the unions of this country to their members and their families in sick, out of work and death benefits.

The fight against commercialized vice has been carried forward at such a rate that today but two principal cities of the United States have what is known as a segregated vice district. The fight has gone so far that the only municipal policy that has any standing anywhere at the present time is that of extermination.

The National Children's Bureau, under the Department of Commerce and Labor established during the year, is proving its value. It is investigating and reporting upon all questions pertaining to the welfare of children and child life. It directs special attention to such problems as infant mortality, juvenile delinquency, occupations of children and accidents incident to child labor. The pen with which President Taft signed the bill was given to Dr. McKelway of the National Child Labor Committee. Miss Julia Lathrop, who has been associated with Miss Addams in the work at Hull House, Chicago, is head of this new Bureau, and is the first woman to head any National Board or Bureau.

The International Conference for the discussion of adequate life saving facilities on steamships will soon be held in London.

In recognition of the fact that the child's brain cannot work properly when the heat is excessive, Switzerland has passed a law establishing heat holidays. The children in the elementary schools are dismissed from their tasks whenever the thermometer registers above a certain point.

The strike in the anthracite coal region was settled on the basis of a ten per cent increase in the present wage scale. This means that the workers in these mines will receive annually about $9,000,000 more in wages.

On May 1 Illinois industries began operations under a new law which imposes the obligation upon all employers to compensate injuries received by employes in course of employment—regardless of fault on the part of employer. Fixed amounts of compensation provide for payment of medical, surgical and hospital services. Half wages for disabling injuries after first week; specified sums for permanent disability and death and special indemnity for permanent disfigurement of hands or face. If employers refuse to accept the plan of "fixed compensations for all injuries" prescribed by the law, all former defenses at law in case of suit for damages are nullified.

Oklahoma City is vigorously fighting dance halls which permit rough or vulgar dances. The pioneer days have passed, and the new day in the West demands that law and decency be observed.

New York has enacted a law which will provide for the blind babies under eight years of age. A few years ago attention was called to the fact that the Commissioner of Education in the state of New York could not appoint a blind child under eight to any educational institution for care and training. Further investigation showed that children blind

from infancy could not live to the age of eight without special care and not become hopelessly idiotic or feeble-minded. The passage of the bill was greatly helped by the presence and pathetic plea of Rachel Askenas, a little blind girl ten years old.—*Rev. Henry A. Atkinson*, Industrial Secretary of the National Council.

From the Congregationalist.

THE CONVERSION OF A SCIENTIST.

In a recent issue of the *Contemporary Review* Sir W. F. Barrett subjects the address of Sir Oliver Lodge before the British Association to a thorough examination from the standpoint of psychical research. The striking passage in which Sir Oliver Lodge stated his conviction that gradually we may hope to attain some understanding of the nature of a larger, perhaps ethereal, existence, and of the conditions regulating intercourse across the chasm leads Sir William Barrett to an interesting reminiscence. He recalls, as an illustration of "Time's revenges," that thirty-seven years ago he read a paper before the British Association at Glasgow, in which he stated the conclusions to which he had been led by a series of carefully conducted experiments regarding the possibility of direct action of one mind upon another with certain individuals and under certain circumstances, without the intervention of any sense impressions. The paper ended with a plea for the establishment of a scientific committee to examine the evidence, but it was scouted as preposterous. "Now we find the foremost representative of official science, speaking *ex cathedra* from the presidential chair of the British Association, avowing his belief not only in the value of psychical research, but stating further that the prolonged study of cumulative evidence so obtained goes to prove the survival of human personality after the shock of death." Sir William Barrett also re-

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veals the fact that more than thirty years ago, before Sir Oliver Lodge had joined the ranks of the psychical researchers, he discussed with Sir William the question of thought-transference, and listened patiently while the latter gave him some of the evidence which had convinced him of its reality. Sir Oliver declared that he did not believe it; the thing was impossible. "I said it did not contradict any known laws, and was only a question of adequate and unimpeachable evidence, which perhaps he had not studied. He was silent, but after a long interval said, 'You are perfectly right. I know nothing of the matter, but will look into it.' And this he did, obtaining in Liverpool valuable confirmatory evidence of the fact of telepathy, and throwing himself with characteristic energy and insight into the work of the Society for Psychical Research." It is well known that it was the refusal of scientific societies to publish further evidence on this subject which led Sir William Barrett and a few of his friends to establish the society in January, 1892.

The Christian Commonwealth.

A TRINITY OF FATIGUES.

In the January *Woman's Home Companion* appears a "Just-Before-Christmas" editorial, an extract from which follows:

"Looking into this Christmas throng that is now gathering, and which will gather even more and more densely up to ten o'clock Christmas Eve, it seems to resolve itself into a Trinity of Needless Fatigue.

"First, the fatigue of those who make. Nobody knows beforehand exactly how the taste of people is going to jump, and so, after samples have been sent out and orders have come in, the girls in the manufacturing places begin to work. They work in shifts, day shifts and night shifts; they work overtime. Some make a little extra money, and some only hold down their jobs, according to the laws of the state in which they are working.

"Then there is the fatigue of those who sell. These are not only the girls whom we see, pale-faced behind counters, selling goods to a thoughtless public at the last moment, but that horde of girls who are rolling up packages in the packing rooms, who work twelve or fourteen hours a day in this mad orgy of eleventh-hour buying. All these people are pressed into service for a few weeks each year because of this riot of hasty buying with which a Christian nation is paradoxically getting ready to celebrate the feast of 'Peace on earth, good will toward man!'

"The third in the Trinity of Needless Fatigue is the woman who buys and the woman who makes at home: the woman who must buy a great deal on a very little money, the weary housemother on whose shoulders rests the burden of all the unnecessary part of each individual little Christmas sacrifice that is being celebrated throughout the country, the woman who is going to be finishing Christmas presents and tying Christmas bundles until late on Christmas Eve, who is going to be too tired on Christmas morning to enjoy the joy of her own children.

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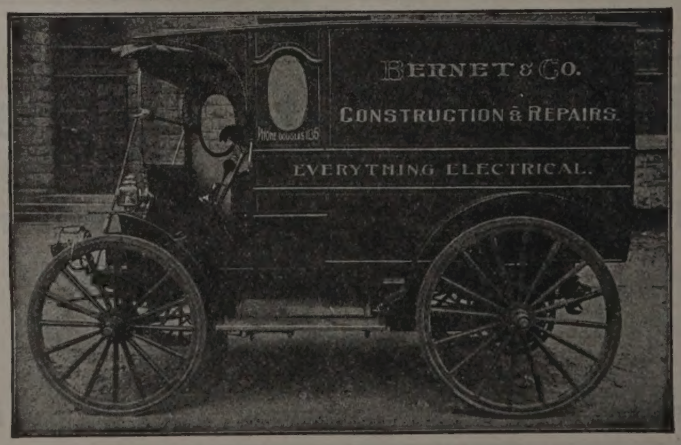

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